The Charles Viewer

Fisher College, 1999

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The Charles Viewer

Literature and Artwork by the Students of Fisher College, 1999

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Why I Write

Writing is a secret
Passion of mine
A way for me to let out
Everything on my mind
A way to express
My heartache and bad times
I tell the world
In riddles and rhymes

-Ebony Rentas

Warm Misconception

Deep dark eyes grill heavy on my face
As I am opposite of him, in the passenger seat
Twinkle of a star at a closer look is a blazing fire ball
I reach with hands of ice for touch
Burns ripple to the core of my heart
Wanting to understand, my eyes keep glaring
Where did the white glimmer go?
The voice roars the answer

Crimson, orange is a fire
Confused, this is red and blue
I think I almost get it now, my light flickers
Wrong! I was too quick to presume
A swooning, swirling volcano becomes my mind
Oh, blue is hot, red is cold

Misinterpretations, our guiding light
We spit like dragons
Choking or the gases, gasping for an understanding of him
Struck by yet another discovery
As the common ground from beneath slips out
We are of foreign planets
I now see a falling star

Once the stars, a still, silent, serene sight
Now blinding with feisty fires, scorching my eyes
Bitter humor, knowingly aiming bull's eye
Is there a reflection in my eyes he fears seeing?
Caustic apologies for moody identity
Is this a revelation or has my elevation of him faltered?
Lava light lures little hearts falsely
Feeding it's fire, I dispense more fuel, fighting

This flame can continue to either batter or flatter
Star-stuck,
I leave his cold car, image shattered
The further I would've stayed,
The fonder the illumination of his face
Wanting to go back to that sight of a nebula so far

-Alagi Patel

I Grieve

I lived your book of life
Sharing in laughter, wiping your tears
As I reach the final chapter
It's the uninvited that I fear.

Innocent eyes warmed my heart
Your gentle spirit touched my soul
As I near the final page
I look back long ago.

From your wary first steps
To that long final race
You lived your life fully
Accepting all with your faith

So much reminds me of you
I grieve from dusk 'til dawn
As tears flow from swollen eyes
I'm still loving what has gone.

This final page awaits its turn
How will this story end
An empty page with empty hearts
Or healing words that mend?

Although life carries on
I grieve, I grieve each day
It's still so hard to move on
Beyond our final page.

-Lynette McAllister

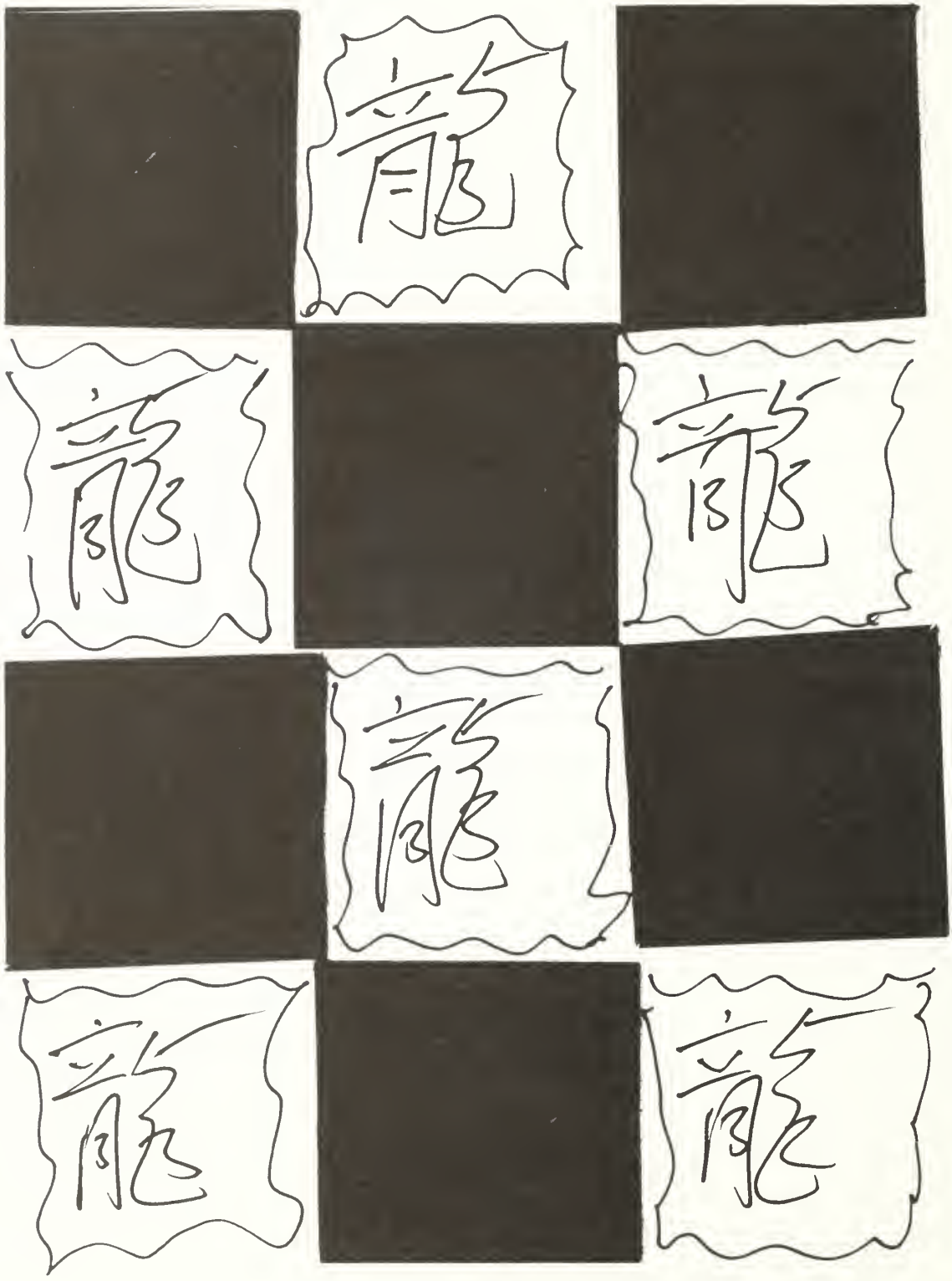
Light Turning to Darkness

I can only explain it as a supernatural experience. I awake one early morning in the enchanted forest, my eyes sensitive to the rising sun. I absorb the beauty of my surroundings like a cup of Java, which puts resilience into my eyelids. The crisp breeze gently fondles my hair and stings my exposed skin. I am quickly overwhelmed by the immense beauty, so I focus on a solitary leaf, and stare at the multitude of colors. Blotted with crimson, orange, and green, the leaf clings tentatively to the naked branch. I gaze at the sun's rays beating down upon the leaf. The rhythmic flicker of light relaxes me into a hypnotic stare. I fall prey to the quickening of my soul.

Time, the thief of light, arrives quietly and I stand alone in darkness. The stars are guiding light to the heart of the forest. I see tall, short, slender and thick trees holding onto the leaves that once were so colorful, but are now obscure silhouettes. The moonlight gently glows upon the leaves boasting their stunning color spectrum and perfect shape. I look at a small star-lit area and wish a shadow would float through this stunning array. My wish is granted instantaneously! A crimson and yellow flush, once a shadow, is now a delightful parade of colors. I savor every wonderful moment and deem this leaf's death significant. I observe the intense ceremony, the leaves dancing in the moonlight. They swing side to side as the gentle breeze caresses every curve. This enjoyment of freedom ceases as the leaves fall among the debris.

My eyes are distracted from this morbidity by the rebirth of the sun. Once again, a multitude of colors are seen with my weary eyes. Each painted leaf sparkles with a sheet of dew. Droplets grip their branches, then plunge to the earth with a tiny splash. I walk with spirit away from the heart of the enchanted forest, the beat fades and a dull roar echoes within me. My feet feel heavy as I take my final step into the mouth of the city.

-Lynette McAllister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Shine

She loves the summer,
I want to be her sun.
Keeping her warm and making her hot,
She will relax as I shine.

I want to drink pink lemonade with you,
At a snack bar,
Under an umbrella,
On a picnic table,
Where we can still smell the ocean.

I want to shine on you until I set.

The moon will keep you safe at night while you sleep,
And I will see you in the morning when I rise.

-Writer Unknown

When The Seams Are Ripped Apart

stitching runs rampant upon hollow eyelets and a entwined foot falls in streamlined flutters-declared lame without the archaic rites –it has all for the very purpose of madness become -obstructed the tiny button popped halfway –through the way out an the disintegrating has –begun its futile clawing at the head. –a battery of her unstrung hinges has become -futile with jerked straining at remaining whole -what with a hole at the end of the leg -makes it very quiet like in an easy way to -come undone. maybe the left arm which encircles -the bed post can fall away in an unfamiliar -fashion. so the instinctual retching of the armless shoulder has calmed. rests in a better kind of sleep if you will as ratted treads fall upon the pillows looks to you like a stray eyelash of the last one by again you know better than to let the illusion rule. the tightly woven corset worn like armor is resting jauntily -slightly askew -tearing raving mad lust

lunatic lays into the past upholding the romantic notions of her make believe world. the laces this time fly a little more fevered and you distinctly see the slight wisp of unnoticed smoke as the laces make their raving rounds through the eyelets of the corset. he ends up pulling all the seams apart delicate as veins all that is there left inside of the corpse of unraveled rags are bugs clattering around sounding like rusty tambourines -he lies the body on the bed and climbs inside through holes which now tattered treads had held and pulls the front somatic shift over himself -stays there in the empty shell until the sun comes up and it is time for him to go home as the twilight fades and the hollows shell crumbles her seems now ripped apart.

-Brook Gillespie

The broken watch
Reminds me of the time
I have left behind

If I could only show you
What I see now:
The radiant sky

Speaking on the phone
Familiar sounds behind your voice;
I'm so far from home

Nozomi Tanabe

Still Loving You

I'm still loving you now more than ever
I'm still missing you since we're not together

Separated by your dream and since I've found my dream in you
It's right for you to find yours too.

I wish the days away, but slowly they go by
I find myself always asking "Why?"

How could God separate two hearts that need each other to survive?
How could he separate two souls created as one to stay alive?

I know the answers I won't receive
So it's up to us to believe

That all of this will make us stronger
And though it takes a little longer

Someday I'll wake up next to you
And look into your eyes-beautiful and blue.

I'll think of how my heart feels now
And know we got through it someway, somehow.

- Adrienne Billeci

Queen

As I strolled down 49th street, the light from the hot summer sun caressed my face and the hair on my head. It was unusually hot for the middle of May. All the brownstone buildings had their windows open wide. The smell of soy sauce flew out the half open door of the small Chinese restaurant on the corner. On the street the surface of cars looked like they were sizzling. The drivers inside were fanning themselves with whatever could start any type of current - magazines, ruffled papers, soiled clothes and such things. Across the street I spotted my destination - the subway entrance.

I proceeded to walk to the other side of the street, gazing at the scorcher in the firmament. I wondered about the rage and the audacity it had. For some strange reason, I felt that something was going to happen to me today.

"Hey!!! Get out of the street, lady!" cried a gruesomely obese cabby hanging out of his car. He honked and ferociously barked at me, New York style. "I'm trying to make a living here." In the back of the cab a woman was talking on her cellular phone, not really paying attention to the actions of this wild beast. Actually I don't know why he was in a rush. In order to put more money on their meters, taxi drivers love to hesitate as much as they can.

Nonetheless, I ran to the sidewalk before the cabby bulldozed me. A few paces from the train stop entrance was a line of pastel colored, wooden tables with exotic ornaments, ceramics, cloth, and dolls atop of them. A tan woman dressed in a pink sari sat comfortably under a black umbrella behind a table. She was wiping perspiration off her forehead with a lavender cloth. Next to the vendor was a bucket of fresh cut roses. I turned and walked by the woman's table and through the entrance. I felt a little relieved when some cool air brushed against me as I descended a flight of stairs towards the platform. When I reached the platform. I saw an indigent brown skinned man with dreadlocks drooping from his head. He was the one beating the steel drum. Besides the man, the rest of the stations was filled with New York's finest – dealers, whores, and the distressed. In the air was a despicable odor that I could not avoid. A progressive roar was heard from the latter part of the tunnel. Eventually the roar surpassed the rastaman's calypso sounds and then a train appeared. A slew of businessmen and women in sneakers rushed out. I went into a car and found only a woman with a big yellow bag sitting a cross from where I resided. As the roar commenced again, I took a fancy to the woman's attire. She wore a black, feathered cap atop of her brown tresses. Circles of loud ruby necklaces and bracelets, a fake gold ring and a purple frock embellished her small caramel body, along with a pair of dirty spiked heels.

She began to speak to me.

"What is your name?" I didn't say anything. It wasn't in my ritual to speak to homeless people; so I ignored her.

" I says what is your name, child?" She briefly paused and then said, "Well, my name is Queen, le femme savante joie de vivere en mondo."

"Le femme savante joie de vivere en mondo." I muttered broadly.

"Ah, I see you can talk." she proudly said, " And for your information it means the most sophisticated, liveliest woman in the world – in French. But of course, you, like every other person that passes through this car, thinks that I'm just some old, crazy, poor woman. Personally, I think you could all learn something or two from me.

"Well, what could you tell me?" I suddenly took interest in this homely woman. For one thing, she seems to possess more intelligence than the usual subway dweller, even though her French was way off. And, besides, I had nothing better to do that day. But, before the elder could begin, the train came to a halt and a voice came over the intercom:

"PLEASE PARDON THE SUDDEN STOP. THE ENGINE IS HAVING MECHANICAL PROBLEMS. WE WILL PROCEED WITH THE TRIP SHORTLY."

"Tell me something about yourself." She inquired. " What do you do for a living."

"I am a writer." I replied.

Then she said. "Well, I am a diva!" "A diva?" I thought. For a minute I felt a certain fondness for the woman.

"I was born on the Calends of April, eighty-five years ago on the remote island of Elustra. When I was sixteen, my parents drowned in a boating accident. I didn't have anyone to rely on but myself. I ran away. I didn't have the slightest clue of where my destination was, but I knew that I had two shillings and piece of bread, and I knew that if I ever came back to that place called home, I would be a changed person."

"And I got my first chance to do new things when I boarded the ship en route to London. I had heard many great things about the city, and when the vessel pulled into the river Thames, I didn't hesitate to find employment. I got a job as a waitress in a pub on the Lower West end. After a few months, I grew to have my job, and I yearned to pursue another life. And that's when my career began."

"One day I saw a bulletin announcing that a company was hiring dancers, actresses in the then unknown to me place called Paris. All people – whites, Coloreds, Turks, Orientals – can have a piece of the real gold. A ship would be leaving on Christmas day, December 25th, 1931 for the seriously interested. So again I boarded a ship and drove on the seas towards the European mainland; awaiting to solve this true enigma."

"When I first arrived in Paris, I wanted to turn back to London. I didn't know a lick about singing or dancing. Well, actually, I did a little harmonizing in the country Methodist church back home, but that didn't make an entertainer, or at least that's what I thought.

The first time this shy, twenty-year-old waitress was put on center stage of Le Zenith, the most popular club in town, to sing a rhyme before an audience, suddenly, this great voice just came. And after I finished, they applauded. I couldn't believe it. The audience was applauding ME!!!"

"Well after a few singing gigs, I was invited to perform at not the finest clubs in town, but also in other countries. I became so popular that people began to call me the other Josephine Baker. I drank wine in Brussels, reveled all night in Rome, went on diamond hunts in Kenya, picked tulips in Amsterdam, watched bull fights in Madrid, and in between I took a break and sipped a cup of Earl Grey back in London. But wherever I went, I always had a warm setting in Paris. There was nothing better than the French. They all have so much class; especially the ones who came to see me at the club. Le Zenith had this stage-like staircase where I would come out on it, wearing my long, black glittering gown with my hair dazzled with polished pearls I personally fished out of the Sea of Japan. After I performed the French would yell: LE FEMME SAVANTE JOIE DE VIVERE, over and over again."

"And the men; I couldn't believe that all those white men took interest in this callow West Indian. They flocked to me in the hordes, just so they could give me expensive jewelry. Some of them even asked me to marry them, though they already had wives at home. I always turned them down though; there were too many men to choose from. Yes I was a cosmopolitan woman."

Suddenly her voice became shallow.

"But, this all changed when the war came along. Paris became too dangerous. The men who chased me now chased the Germans and the Japs. Eventually, my club had to be shut down. Paris wasn't the same after the war either."

"So what did you do?" I uttered. "Did you go back to Elustra?"

I couldn't bear going back there. I felt humiliated. I came to the States to find a performing job, but no one wanted to hire a forty-something has been. And this is where I have been ever since."

I began to feel sorry for Queen.

You don't have to feel bad for me." She said casually fixing her hair. "You see, I still live my life. I probably don't perform before an audience any more, but I still sing and dance.

At the moment the train started rolling again. For the rest of the ride, she showed me pictures of her younger self as a performer. It felt like it had been an eternity, when it was really sixteen minutes. Sadly, my stop had come and I had to say good bye to my newfound acquaintance.

This is my stop."

"It was a pleasure meeting you; by the way, are you going to write a book about me one of these days?" I turned back to her and gave the rose I had and then said: "When I become a diva." Queen smiled and shocked my hand in a posh manner. I walked out of the train and watched it run away.

Years after my meeting with Queen I still wonder if this story is really true or just another clever, imaginative story from a homeless woman with low self esteem. But one thing is for sure; the atmosphere on the open platform had felt cooler. The wind from the train blew through my hair. I almost felt like a burden was lifted from my shoulders. I couldn't wait to do it all over again.

-Talia Whyte

Good Morning!

Good Morning!
I am so happy you have graced me with your presence
A talk a laugh a smile
Simple, yet I could lose myself
Inside them for hours
Our time is so short
We should leave this all behind
What does society matter when I could have you
But we would grow tired of each other
And so it is good and bad
Like everything
Good Morning!
Good Morning!
I am amused to see your face hair eyes body
Don't need no hugs to tell me you are warm
Giving and full of life

Sweet ignorant mandatory youth
Never shall I leave you

It is evening and exhaustion sets its hand upon our shoulders
And still we are excited energy
We have each other to feed upon
A wonderful feast
Then
Good Morning

-Frank Hopkins

Personal Eating Habits

I never did mind the lack of conversations at the table
It left me to wonder about facts, my own stories and fables
Everything was clear to me when looking through the sink window
And when my reflection stared back at me off the faucet's nose
I took a bite at what was given to me
I sat there chewing it sometimes slowly
It was hard for me to swallow what I didn't want
I liked best the eggs and croissant
The way the eggs would lose their original form
The croissant was only good when it was warm
The simpler things were easier to digest
Like tasting the dew of morning so fresh
The hanging wine glasses looked better when sparkling empty
I could see through, the other side, twinkling pretty
I understood how things operated when
The lush plants for show breathed me in
No, it didn't take me so long to finish my meal
Only to digest and to thoroughly feel

-Alagi Patel

Rising a red glow in the morning sky
In the depth of heartbreak

In the silent night absorbed by snow
Turned up *honesty* sinks in my mind

The flash floral scent of the latest perfume
Takes me back twenty years

Teiko Kudo

Transfixing Enchantment

She's like a painting.
You watch her for meaning
The hidden images mystify you as you search
Deeper, a picture speaks a thousand words, must
Make sense of them all, piecing them together, it looks
For unity, completion, oneness. You want to feel more,
You want to know more, it draws you in to find
The story it is telling, and not telling, her
Complication, lack of reservation only
Intrigues you, compels you, moving every part of
You dive in, drowning with curiosity, you keep asking,
It invitingly pulls you only to get you lost,
Lost because you feel too much, detaching
You from your own world, clinging, now you look through
Those dark, angelic browns who have seen too much.
Becoming a piece of you , soft baby skin that's felt
Too much.
You develop a sensitivity, swallowing her
Experiences with ecstasy enhances your sense of touch.
Touching you inside. You can taste your tongue, her tongue
You can now almost speak the same language, one that has tasted the acidic
Life way too many times, melting her thoughts to fuse into another.
She's been on the other side, now you've done the same, through her, with her.
I'm often left in wonder, transfixed by her.

-Alagi Patel

It seems like only yesterday when...

It seems like only yesterday when I couldn't reach the sink in the bathroom.
The dashboard was eye level and the day was over at 8 PM.

It seems like only yesterday when I woke to hairdryers and sisters fighting.
Christmas morning started at 4 AM and lasted until next year.

It seems like only yesterday when a brand new puppy was licking and biting and my street was big as the world.

It seems like only yesterday when my plate at supper's end would show my reflection and the streetlights were my clock.

A baseball was a bowling ball and the tree out back was the fort.
The little girl next door was my best friend and cartoons were my afternoons.

It seems like only yesterday when ice cream was such a treat.
At the candy store a quarter was gold and the snow made my heart race.

It seems like only yesterday when I wished so much to be grown up.
Now I realize you have only 18 years to be a kid and the rest of your life to be a man.

-Steven Marujo

The Third Decade

Steps I take
Down creaky old stairs
Full of cobwebs and dust
Echo across the empty caves
In the shadowy Hades
Of my guilt-ridden thought.

A man of a mere two decades I am.
A short passage of time
In the eyes of those
Who have seen more years than I.
To them no more than a tadpole am I.
A pup of youth so tender.

But to myself I am old.
I have learned the path
Of that which is unrighteous,
Indeed that which could be considered by many, unholy.
In my folly I have fallen to the deepest pits of shame.
I have known what it is to be mocked and humiliated.

The love of wine and cannabis
I have felt.
The wiles of loose women I have known.
At times
I have been ancient
At others I have been naïve.

And I have stood before a great fork
In the old dirt road of my life
And given the option to change the course
I had long since chosen.
So that fear would no longer be my master,
And pain no longer my motivator.

Two decades have passed before me
Was the thought that eased its way through my mind.
And on the fork,
That great parting in the road,
I had a revelation.
It was at that moment I came to understand
That the dawn of the third decade
If I so wished and chose...

Could be my genesis, my rebirth
Into a life which is righteous,
One of honesty and compassion
In which I could be as a small child again
To learn anew the ways of life
Where I could reach my zenith
And be as one with the stars!

Thus, I begin the third decade
Not as an evil child,
But as a curious and eager to learn
Young man.

With a quest for knowledge
And compassion
To become that which is my destiny,
To take all of the dreams I had
That I thought were foolish
And turn then into magnificent reality

-Scott Davis

Today's a Privilege

Today,
Sun shone upon my Irish face
I felt the ocean move to see me.
Everything lies perfect.
Amazing,
Yes I know
My love has turned to a friend?

Although my lips touch his
Resiliency has kept me from destruction.
Not ignorant
As she may be,
To sleep beside him,
After a long night of passion.

To see you now,
A pleasure.
To touch,
A passion.
To kiss,
Ecstasy.

To take care of me,
Love me,
Make passion.

A privilege, though only till today.

-Erin Hines

Hold On

When daylight ends and night appears
Among the shadows I cry my tears,
I let go of myself while holding onto you.

The roses you gave me are no longer red
But I remember all that you said.

The shirt I borrowed lost your scent
Times you were misunderstood
I knew what you meant.

Your pictures just don't fill the space
But I know every part of your face

The letters are not the same as hearing you on the phone
And I will never forget those precious nights we spent alone

All I've ever said I felt
All I've ever felt was true
True is all I'll ever be

Sometimes you must let go of yourself
While holding onto me.

-Adrienne Billeci

The Towers of Eiffel

Paris is a whore who hates her clothes. This whore wears gaudy perfume to cover the smells of sewers and dirty warehouse mattresses. Paris caters to the stupid ugly American. Paris is a deceitful and cheating lover. The French just do a better job of concealing this reality behind their romanticized history. Everything is falling apart in Paris. The rising and new culture cannot keep its façade and comfort of the old anymore.

Paris wears a mask. This mask may have been a real blood warm face at one point. It may have been a reflection in the ether. I thought I hated America for its ugliness. Now, to me, America is honest in its ugliness; it is aware of it. We all know America will try to lie. We didn't know that Paris ever would. The destruction of classical and theoretical beauty is on my side. American culture is not specific to America anymore. It is everywhere, adopted by the people who turn their noses at the mention of it, yet when their conveniences might possibly be in peril, they will scream mercy so shamelessly, ready to contradict their entire existence for that self preservation. I fell in love with America, by I am still paranoid and looking for a place that is not supposed to exist. Upon learning this, I don't mind it anymore. I am not ashamed anymore. I fell in love with modern convenience. I am the bastard daughter of a bastard daughter.

-Brook Gillespie

Sunlight That Has Been

Misty clouds,
Come down
Hovering low,
Cover the ground.
Hoping it won't stay.
Beams of sunlight extend.
Touching cracked tile which leads into the kitchen,
Where mom and I had our talks.
Pouring a glass of red wine for herself a reflection of both
Her and I.
Different sides of glass, not always had this been.
We would talk of the simple things how the snow would fall
hoping our skies would be taken out soon.
The way my hair would sparkle in the sun like a shiny
Copper penny.
The wine falls.
Glass shatters,
Tile breaks.
My voice never loud, not hard, cracks.
My heart bleeding with wet rage.
While wine travels down between our tiles kitchen floors
Following us into dark shadows and away from the kitchen floors
Has been so warm for so long.
As misty clouds evolve wine will move slowly out of the
Shadows though will remain in the cracks.

-Erin Hines

Pearl

I will reach him.
I will pry you open
With my two hands.
I will put my fingers
Inside
And pull out
The Man I love
In you.
It will not hurt
For you are only a shell.
A shell of a boy
Who speaks with a rebellious tongue
And looks with defensive eyes

But locked inside your hollow shell
There stands a pear.
This is the man
Who protects and charms
And touches and listens to
Yearns and fulfills
Me.
This is the man I have
Married in my mind
A thousand time over
I have seen our children
And they are going to be
Beautiful
Why is he stuck inside?
I will reach him
And pull him out.
He is my pearl
He is the answer to my
Life.

-Gina Calderoni

The Kiss

I saw Timmy walking through the hallways in the beginning of my sophomore year. He was the type of guy that just watched you when you walked by. Never a "hello". He'd stand there up against the locker with his dark eyes, his backpack just for show, perfectly matched outfit, tanned skin, and the Caesar haircut with just the right amount of gel. My heart would beat as I walked by, hoping I didn't have any toilet paper stuck to my shoe or anything. He was a junior, the only one who regularly hung out with the seniors.

One Friday, while planning on having another boring weekend of sleep-overs with my other sub-popular sophomore friends, Jamie Serrapelia (beautiful senior girl) and her friends came up to me and asked if I wanted to go to a party with them. I kept my composure and gave a cool, "Yeah, alright," and they said they'd pick me up at eight. Now, I'd been to parties before, but arriving with other freshmen and sophomores meant being last in line at the keg, and usually no one paid much attention to us. Tonight was different, though. Tonight I was in.

I picked out the perfect outfit, and was ready for 7:30, just in case. They came at 8:30. I got in the backseat, and they gave me a six-pack of Zimas that they picked up on the way. I owed them five bucks.

So anyway, it was September 25th, and we arrived at the Abandoned House. The House was a place we used to have kegs because no one lived there, and there was a huge field in back of it where we could all park.

We parked the car among the other 50 cars and got out. We walked through the field and off in the distance we saw a small bonfire and muffled voices and laughter. We walked towards the light and when we got close enough I spotted him. He was standing next to the fire, gloves and scarf, with a 40 ounce Old English. Jaime took me by the hand and walked me right to him. "Timmy, this is Gina. Gina, this is Timmy." She turned to me and said, "Timmy keeps bothering me to introduce you guys. You would be so cute together! Look how cute you guys are! O.K. I'm going to leave you now. Have fun!" I looked over at him and sipped my Zima flirtatiously. I might've been young but I knew what I was doing. Timmy looked at down and shuffled his feet. "So, you see me in school?" he said. "Yeah, I will see you." I said. "You never say 'Hi'" We both say together. We laughed. I took a large gulp of my drink. I needed to loosen up a little. As my gulp turned into finishing the whole bottle of Zima, drips of it ran down my chin and neck as I tilted the bottle up. Embarrassed, I went to wipe my face, but before I could, we saw flashing lights. Chaos. Everyone scattered in all directions as we heard the siren. Timmy grabbed my hand and said he knew a short cut. We ran together holding hands, holding our bottles, and holding out hearts through the fields of tall grass. We were running from the cops. There were sirens, lights flashing, and drunken screams coming from all directions. But amidst all the pandemonium, Timmy decided it was the right time to slow down and tug at my hand. When I stopped and turned around, he kissed me. His lips were warm and soft and tasted of beer. I liked the gentle way he kissed me, with just a little bit of tongue but mostly lips, which he used to kiss my top and bottom lip

separately, and then both together. It was fun. Kissing is like a game to me. You got to keep the other one guessing all the time. Otherwise, it gets boring, you know? Throw a couple of combos in there, change it up. Back away a little, pursue a little; it's fun.

Well, the story ends with the kiss. He brought me back to Jaime's car and told me he'd give me a call. I don't think I slept that night. That night was *my* night.

-Gina Calderoni

Where are you now? Can you see me?

At night I lie
And stare at the stars
I wonder which one you are
Are you watching me?
Can you see me?
And what I've come to be
Or maybe even what the future holds for me
Do you smile or cry when you see your child
Making it without you here
Do you still look at me with your eyes full of pride
Like you did when I went all by myself
Down that big scary slide?
Do you miss me like I miss you?
If I could, I would give my life just to hug and kiss you once more
But I can't
There is too much for me to live for
So, I'll see you when it's time
Until then remember
I love you and I will be fine.

Love you, Mommy

-Ebony Rentas

Forbidden

I'm sorry my eyes could not meet yours

I'm sorry your lips and mine could not touch

Your arms around me felt so right
You made me feel as if I might
Look in your eyes and kiss your face
Though these actions have no place.

I'm sorry but the time's not right

I'm sorry, so sorry my heart felt all night

Things will be different, you'll see, very soon

I won't hold back...unless you want me to.

-Adrienne Billeci

What is Love?

Is it a hug?
Or perhaps a touch of a hand?
Is love a feeling in the heart?
Or just a word?
Is it a kiss?
Or is it a breath upon a shoulder?
Is it when I get a knot in my stomach?
Or is it a light in the eyes?
Is it a feeling of comfort with oneself and others?
Or can love be a message on paper?
Is it a smile upon a baby's innocent face?
Or perhaps love can not be defined in words by rather in an individual's
Sense of being

-Tania C. Novak

fractions of a paranoia

1 – You hear echoes of dishwashers
Piercing whines of forgotten t.v.
Doors open soundlessly, effortlessly
You feel yourself disappearing
Barely skims the floor
Door closes airtight behind you.

2- You glance furtively around
you notice the walls holding themselves
at perfect Uncompromised angles.
There is no end to their depth

2 ½- You feel yourself slightly disappearing.
The carpet beige and colorless
Swallows your footsteps
Maybe a soft careful sound will come as you walk

3- You walk a little faster
The silence holds.
As you walk faster

4- You realize that all relative dimension
Is lost
Is losing itself
Is the vastness
Is being swallowed

4 ½- Are you being swallowed
The perfect uniform Windows and Cupboards
Are swallowing All in the wrong direction

5- You don't even know if you
Are in the right house
Are you in the next apartment
Are you in strangers living room.

6- You have forgotten what you're supposed to look like.
A mindless factory door.
Leads you in and out of some business man's wet dream.
Downsize, Consolidate, Uniform, Mass Production of Soullessness
Unrecognizable reflections all blur into a faceless common shape
They are the ones who lock your doors at night
Who have locked the door from the outside,
behind you Now
Are you a no-fault human. Where's the factory?

-Brook Gillespie

Get Well Soon

Hello my darling, how do you feel?
I'm sorry for asking, I know that's all you hear

I know you're frustrated, baby, I feel the same
There's an ache in your heart that never seems to fade.

So we'll take it day by day, each one harder than the last
And though I yearn to kiss you, we must first let this pass.

So even though you aren't tired, please close your eyes for me
And even though you are not hungry, the more you eat the stronger you'll be

Go to sleep and float away, for it's you that sleep must take
I'll see you in your dreams; I'll see you when you wake.

-Adrienne Billeci

A little duck tries to reach
The center of a huge pond

Stuck between giant rocks
A little crab looks for a way out

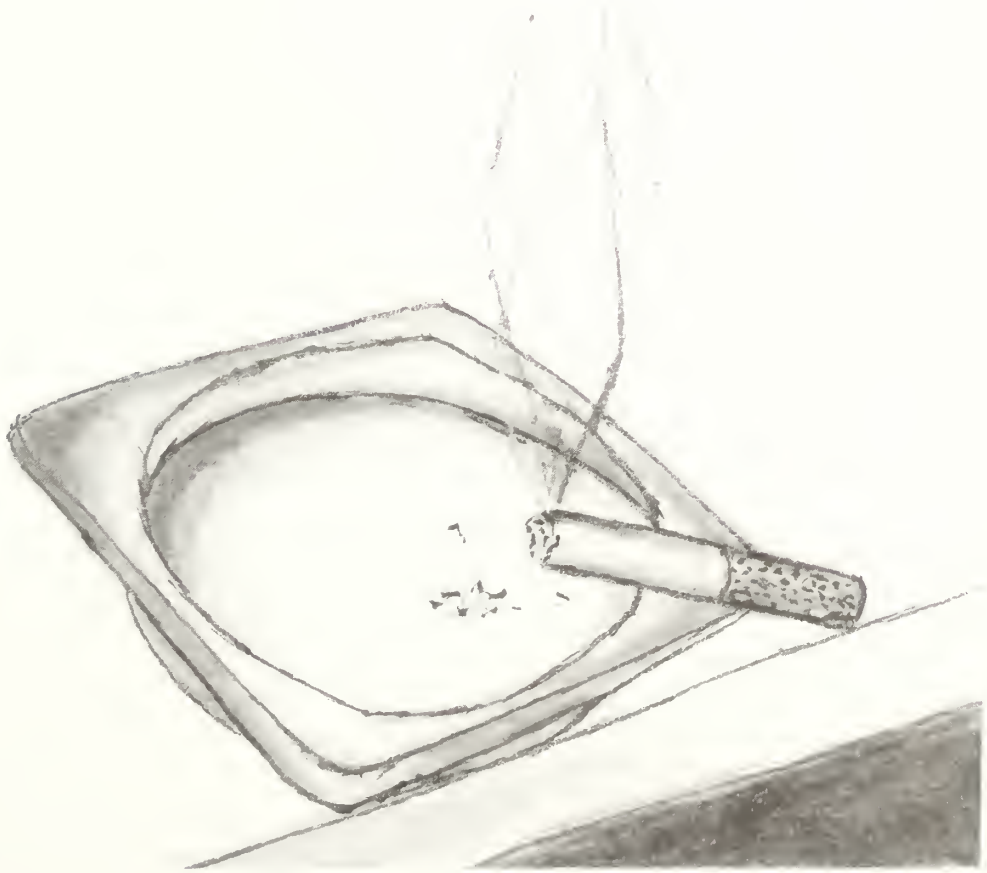
Looking at my friends' pictures
I see smiling faces of happy guys

Yelena Beylenson

Frame Fifty Two Disco

Met on water,
Crystal clear turquoise water.
Like her cords,
Her apple fragrant hair.
Splashed drinks on the deck,
And in the hot tub.
Early morning darkness,
Many cups of coffee.
Let's dance the night away,
You still weren't the one.
One last kiss,
You still weren't the one.

-Writer Unknown



Sensation

You touch me,
I tingle all over my body.
I touch you,
And I tingle all over my body.
You unregulate my heartbeat,
Sending me vibes.

Sensation is my eyes finding you.
Breathing your breath is oxygen to my lungs.
You supply me with love of life,
A life that I hold with you inside.

Writer Unknown

Rape

A girl and a guy went on a date.
After a while it was going great.
The stars looked beautiful.

Herself nervous,
Face perfect.

His patience burning.

She loved being there,
Living the moment.

A girl and a guy went on a date.
After a while it was going great.
But when the novelty wore off,
And all the food was ate,
A girl lying on the floor reported rape.

-Writer Unknown

Looking Out Over Boston From a Window on Beacon Street

One evening on a clear October night, I sit on my bed and glance out through the window. Because the room is stuffy, I open the glass to a breeze of autumn air that bursts through. The air tastes so fresh that I can almost imagine the apple and pumpkin pie my mom makes every fall.

As I sit and look out, the city appears so perfect. I savor the gaze of the skyline and illuminated buildings. The sight takes me to a dream world where I forget the day to day realities that shadow the streets of the city.

Looking down, I see red lights everywhere. Lined up along Storrow Drive are the tail lights of cars, and, from my high window perch, I can hear the insistent blaring horns of frustrated drivers. Occasionally, I hear the sound of sirens as emergency vehicles fight to push through traffic.

Farther away, people walk along the Esplanade Bridge. Laughter echoes through the streets like church bells on a Sunday morning. I feel the cool breeze and, as it touches my face, I feel free and alive. Again, my attention is drawn to the lights: exploding like tiny fireworks that splash light over the streets. I could stare at them all night long.

But instead I shut the window, slip under the covers, and lie down. As I drift off to sleep I dream of the city of Boston and all it has to offer, especially those moments when I look out over the city from my Beacon Street window.

-Jennifer-Lynn Wagner

She lives On

Even though she's gone
In the physical form
Our lives must go on
Miss her much
Her kiss her touch
Our lives must go on
Forever we will mourn
Her second and
Last-born
Left all alone
But we must go on
Together we stand strong
We will never fall
We will handle it all
In us mommy lives on
So forever smile
And speak out loud
Because she lives on
In us
Her second and last-born child

-Ebony Rentas

For Reference
Not to be taken from this room